BOYS AND GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Rules for Young Writers.

1. Write plainly on one side of the paper only, and number the pages.
2. Use pen and ink, not pencil.
3. Short and pointed articles will be given preference. Do not use over 250 words.

4. Original stories or letters only will be used.
5. Write your name, age and address plainly at the bottom of the

story.
Address all communications to Uncle
Jed, Bulletin Office. "Whatever you are—Be that!
Whatever you ray—Be true!
Straightforwardly act.
Be honest—in fact,
Be nobody else but you."

POETRY.

Give Him a Hammer and Saw. Den't buy him a sword and a gun,
Whose purpose on earth is to kill;
Don't teach him that murder is fun,
Or something the bosom to thrill.
Don't send him to valley or hill
To slaughter the dove or the daw,
A lesson in youth to instill,
Just give him a hammer and saw.

Just give him some lumber of pine, Just give him a bundle of boards
And teach him to follow a line,
And teach him a builder's rewards.
Oh, better than rifles or swords,
Than stilling a song or a caw,
The thing that he fashions affords
The boy with a hammer and saw.

He'll work like a beaver, the boy,
He'll learn like the wisest again
The tree of the woods to employ.
He'll fashion a house for the wren,
He'll make you a trinket, and then
He'll figure and study and draw—
He'll learn all the lessons of men
by you give him a hammer and saw.

"Think twice before you speak" is a warning older than books, intended to check temper and a careless tongue; but only a few people have ever tried to do it. Those who have and succeeded have become masters of men because they made themselves master of themselves.

The sight that greeted Mrs. Gordon's eyes was far from pleasant. On a broken couch in the corner of the dark room there lay a man, young in years, but illness had aged him. In the centing the room, near a heap of unfinished collars, sat a young woman, but the pinched features told their sad story. The woman raised her head and caught the child in her arms and said:



"If you want to experiment, try some of those things you talk about. But if you really want that itching stopped and your skin healed, get a jar of Resinol Ointment. We doctors have been prescribing that ever since you were a small

oy, so we know what it will do." Sainol Ciutment is so nearly flesh-colored that it is be used on expensed surfaces without attracting fue attention. Sold by all druggists.

hold it fast. It will save you a gre of unhappiness all the days of

allied to good sense and means pre-paredness for almost any kind of a contest, with a good chance for vic-

THE WINNERS OF PRIZE BOOKS. 1—Herry Schatz of Yantic, The Young Fireman of Lakeville. 2—Hazel McDaniel of Mansfield Cen-ter, Ruth Fielding on Cliff Island. 3-isabel Riben of Mansfield Center, Dearest Dot and the Dog.

4-Dercas Clark of Plainfield, Alice's 5-Irene Stewart of Jewett City, Ruth Fielding of the Red Mill. 6-William Thacher of Fisher's Island, N. Y., Black Beauty,
7-Christine Burdick of Jewett City,
Ruth Fielding Down in Dixie.,
8-Reland Maurice of Baltic, Phil
Bradley's Mountain Boys.

LETTERS OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Eleanor Froat of Columbia: I re-ceived the prize book entitled The Meadow Brook Giris in the Hills, and I thank you very much for it. I read up to page 100 tha day I received the book, and I found it very interesting

Marian Larsen of Norwich: I thank

you very much for the prize book you sent me. I have read it through and found it very interesting.

Mary Borovicks of West Willington: I thank you very much for the prize book entitled Ruth Fielding at Sunrise

charming that it may make them seem to be like angels, and always deserving praise instead of a whipping.

More than half the trouble in the world would disappear if ugliness was suppressed.

The world would disappear if ugliness was suppressed.

The suppressed.

has no work and papa is sick, so I went a begging."

The woman and child entered the building. They walked up five flights of dirty stairs, and at last reached their destination. The girl opened a door and rushed in a room and cried:

"Mamma, I've brought a friend!"

The sight that greeted Mrs. Gordon's was far from plasant. On a

and caught the child in her arms and said:

"My poor little girl, when we were rich we had many friends; now when we are in poverty—" she hesitated, then in a choking sob exclaimed:

"Mrs. Gordon! Mrs. Gordon! My only true friend! How are you?"

It a flash she was embosomed in the motherly arms of Mrs. Gordon.

The home of Mrs. Gordon was brightly lighted and servants were hurrying to and fro, for it was Thanks giving eve, and glancing in the comfortable room it would be hard to recognize our friends. Their faces beaming with joy and thanking God that once more they were united liapplest of all was Rose, for she knew is she had her life's lesson, and she uttered this pealm:

"Foverty and disgrace will overtake him that rejected correction, but he than observeth admonition will be honored."

PHOBBE SCHATZ.

My Trip to Austria-Hungary.

When we arrived the boat stopped at Trieste, a large scaport in Austria-Hungary. We then went out of the boat and walked along the streets. We went to visit the city of Vienna, which

is on the Danube river, and also the capital.

We then went to Budapest, which Is an important grain and milling conter. We saw the Carpathian mountains and the Bohemian mountains. I tried to climb them, but I fell down many times.

We saw many people there whe spoke different languages. We watched the people for a long time as they walked along the streets. We stayed there for a week and had a nice time, went to the theatre, and we saw some beautiful pictures and a play.

The hotel where my mother and I boarded was on a beautiful street. The air was very good. We went to visit some of the schools. The teachers of the schools received us in kindness. We watched the children do their work. They were not the same as the American children are.

After we had visited the schools we went to see the rivers of Austria-Hungary. We enjoyed watching them as they flowed along.

We started for home on the 5th of August. We went with the boat across the Atlantic ocean. I watched the rolling water.

I enjoyed my trip to Austria-Hungary very much.

FRANCES FARB.

Mansfield Center. One day early in March Grace stood looking out of the window.

The snow was almost gone, the sun was shining and melting the snow as fast as he could.

Grace was tired of winter. She wished the spring would come. She saw something blue in the apple tree.

A moment later she heard a sweet song.

song.
"Oh, mama! The birds have come, she cried, "I know spring is coming.
MONTCALM GAUTHER, Age 5
Brooklyn.

Adrienne was eating her breakfast and she was not eating her breakfast and she was not eating nicely at all. She took large mouthsful, and too many of them. So mamma said "Let us play a new game, Adrienne."

They played that Adrienne's mouth was a little red door, which must be opened and closed very carefully, or it would squeak on the hinses.

"Nothing is more unpleasant than a squeaky door," said mamma. "This little red door opens into a little red hall leading out into a little red lane, at the foot of which is a little red house.

ma hears a cry—'Oh! my stumma ates!'

"Aches, does it? Very good. That means that there is a lesson for Adrienne to learn. Every ache means a lesson to learn. This one means that little girls must act like lady girls at the table, and not like little pigs."

"Boys, too?" murmurs Adrienne.

"Yes; boys, too! And it means that little boys and girls must learn that mamma knows best, and that they must mind quickly, if they do not want aches."

"What does he do?" asks Adrienne, "when I drinks milk? Oh, I know. He has a little red cup, an' when he sees the milk a-pourin' down' he grabs his cup an' runs, an catches it in his cup."

"I shouldn't wonder. He is a pretty nice little man, after all, and you must be very careful to treat him well. Now see what little, tiny bits you can send him; and just try to make that double row of little bone soldiers in the red hall help out the patient little red man. They can chop up the bits very small indeed, and that will give Little Digestion such help that he will be quite rested, and it will be a long time again before he sets tired and begins to kick."

LAURENCE GAUTHEER, Age 12 Brooklyn.

Learning How to Skate:

Once last winter I took my new skates and went on the pond with the rest of the boys. I had never before tried to skate but as I saw the other boys gliding by gracefully, I thought it was easy.

When I got my skates on I stood up and then I began to feel that it was a little bit harder than I expected, but the worst was yet to come. I tried to move forward, but my only success was to sit down with a thump while the other boys laughed and asked me how I liked my sent.

I soon thought that it was very hard to manage my feet, as occasionally they spread way on either side of me or else getting so close together that my ankles were very bent.

After a while we went home but I was not so enthusiastic about skating as before. However, I soon impered, and now can skate oussably well.

ROLAND MAURIUE, and 12

Between France and the Nether-lands is the little country of Belgion. The part along the country is low and level but the southeastern part is a hilly resion with woodland and water-

HARRY BARKER, Age 14.

The Dag and the Shadow.

Many years ago my grandfather ame from France and settled on a cautiful farm near the St. Lawrence

not part with for any amount of money.

They had long, cold winters those days and many times during the winter packs of wolves would come and how around the farm.

One day a large number of wolves came very near the house and grandfather's dog was out.

After the wolves had gone they could find no trace of the dog, and they have never seen him since. It was believed that the dog became wild and joined the wolves and went away with them.



The first part of the control of the

THE YELLOW CUR

Once upon a time there was a man who act out upon a quest.

"Where are you going?" asked his friends. "That is a secret," said the man, but I know that the Journey mind take me many days and weeks and years. Those of you who love me best and are not arraid of the journey may come with ms."

Now, the man was a great favorite with the people of his city; more, he was good and wise, and his advice had kept them from much blundering.

Now, the man was a great favorite with the people of his city; more, he was good and wise, and his advice had kept them from much blundering.

The load of will got man with the man fell as badly that he made no answer at all, just ant and caressed his city, a great company, for even the horizon and the dose and the horizon and the load of the load of the man.

"I sale will got," said the man's wife, who loved him, aithough she saw no case and cats and the dose and the foliant is a great party because he morely followed the party herauise he morely followed the party herauise he morely followed the party herauise he morely followed the man, and entered him of sell, and he man in his proopersion moved to the dose to him and patted him and entered him follows the horizon and brooded over the desert and cooled the air. Then the man in his proopersion moved him as he came nearly followed the man, which was gone from it. The young men he was bonders and the dose to him and patted him and entered he was gone from it. The young men he was bonders and the was bonders and the follows the horizon and the breath came in an goodby and started for home.

Next marring the procession moved forward assis, but the aparit seemed to have gone from it. The young men he and the breath came in the sweetheart they had left behind, and a great party of them bade him and the breath came in the sweetheart they had left behind, and a great party of them bade him the head in his the said of the first head in the first head in his and they are the said the fore the head head to the first head in his week them and

want to send my three children's ers to them, for they forgot them, Will you please carry them for I suppose they cannot think of themselves," continued Mrs. Par-

Dear Uncle Jed: I have a very nice collie dog, by the name of Clover. He is black and white with a little tarm his face. out to play with my dog he puts his head in the snow and then runs away.

head in the enow and then runs away.

I found a nice little kitten Thursday, but I could not keep it. The lady I gave it to has named it Goldie, because it il all yellow.

I have a nice banta rooster and two hens that are laying fine.

I did have a crow, which had been shot through the shoulder. I kept him with the hens, but he fought with the rooster and I put him in another coop, He died soon after.

I also had some Flickers, purple checkles and sparrows, but I let them go because I was afraid they would die.

WILLIAM THACHER, Age 12. WILLIAM THACHER, Age 12. Fishers Island, N. Y.

Dear Uncle Jed: Many hundred years ago Germany had a great and just emperor, called Frederick Bar-barossa, because of his long, red beard.

When he was already an old man, When he was already an old man, Barbarossa undertook a journey to the Holy Land, taking with him one hundred and fifty thousand of his best soldiers. One day the great arm: had to cross a broad river. The emperor, without waiting to dismount from his horse, plunged into the stream and was drowned.

to cross a bread river. The emperor, without waiting to dismount from his horse, plunged into the stream and was drowned.

His broken-hearted soldiers carried the body back to Germany and placed it in a deep cavern far up a mountain side. The peasants even now point out the mouth of the cavern. They say that within it the emperor rests in an enchanted sleep. Once every hundred years, so their story runs, Rarbarossa wakens. He sends a dwarf to see if the ravens fly about the mountain peak. If they are seen, the emporor sinks again into a century of sleep.

Barbarossa sits, they say, leaning upon a great stone table through which his long, red beard has grown. There are thirteen flags in the school which his long, red beard has grown, ranching to the floor of his cavern, and winding itself about the table. Thus he sleeps and waits for the happy hour when reverse shell so many five next the series of the seeds and waits for the happy hour when reverse shell so many five next the series of the serie

he sleeps and waits for the happy hour when ravens shall no more fly about the mountain. Then will he come forth with his knights and bring back glory

ANNIE M. MCGRATH.

Dear Uncle Jed: Every summer I go to Hartford and see all sorts of automobiles and stores. My father usually sleeps in the day time because I sleep at night and he drives the horse. When he sleeps and doesn't give me the reins, if the horse goes the wrong way, I wake my father and tell him. I buy candy to bring home for my horsthers and sisters and when my

seven years of age, and I go home, we bring the packages into the house and take out the bundles of goods things. At home I and my brother work in

When any of our family has to go to Willimantic in order to take the train to Hartford, I and my brother hitch up the horse and I drive her to light buggy. Therefore she was only

train to Hartford, I and my brother hitch up the horse and I drive her to Willimantic.

When I am in Willimantic I piay a little while with the other boys and then rile home.

As for the school I go to, I am in the fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Carrie Aplin Pratt. There are thirteen pupils. We have an organ and many song and library books.

At Christmas and Thanksgiving we have entertainments. Many people come to see us act. My schoolmate. Simund Cantor, brings his sled and late us all take a ride down hill, and sometimes we slide on our shoes in the ditches.

In Agriculture I large of the horse and Phoebe's arm was run over. It was her luck that it was a light buggy. Therefore she was only slightly hurt.

Just then the railroad station man come and stopped the horse about one foot from the train.

Phoebe thanked him.

HARRY SCHATZ, Age 11.

Yantic.

Likes Ice-Skating Best.

Dear Uncle Jed: My cousin gave me a pair of skates for Christmas. . . go skating down on the pond which is south of our house. I like skating very much. I have a pair of roller skates, but I like ice-skating better.

sametimes we slide on our shoes in the ditches.

In Agriculture I learned about the parts of a bird. They are: Primaries, secondaries, breast, lore, side, nape, crown, eye, ear, coverts, back, tertails, faise-wing, wing bars, rump, tail, tail coveris, scapulars, medianline, mandibles, tarsus, tibia, superciliary line, primary coverts, greater coverts, middle coverts, lesser coverts, taroat, I also studied about cattle.

We have Spelling, Arithmetic, Language, Penmanship, History, Drawing, and Physiology. We have precepts in physiology.

Dear Uncle Jed: My school is a very large school made of red brick. I like to go to school. I go every day. I have not missed a day since school boys bring flowers and fancy work. The girls brown boys bring vegetables and carpentary work.

We also have a symnasium in the work.

We also have a symnasium in the school have a symnasium in the work.

We also have a symnasium in the school have a symnasium in the school

The Wormwood Hill School.

The Wormwood Hill School.

Dear Uncle Jed: I like to go to school. I like my teacher and her name is Miss Carrie A. Pratt.

In the school house we have twelve flags. The names of the flags are:
The United States, Union. Germany, Japan. Russia, Ireland, Italy, China, Hawaii, France and Spein. There is one more flag, but I do not know its name.

We have, seven maps. The names of the maps are the United States, North America. South America. Burope, the map of the world, and the other two I do not know.

We have two globes. There are thirteen pupils in the school house.

We have five black boards, a clock, and seven pretty pictures. We have a flower in the school house.

In drawing we have to draw a basket with fruit in it.

We have appliing, reading, penmanship, and arithmetic in the fore-noon.

In the afternoon we have language. I wrote this letter in language time. We have two charts, a bird chart and a spelling chart.
We have seven windows and in every one of them there is a ventilator.
We have two teacher's desks and

We have two teacher's desks and thirteen seats.

We have a water pail.

We have an organ in the school.

We have a stool.

We have four chairs—two of them are real chairs and the other two are stools.

We have library books, I took one of them home. The one I took home was "Black Beauty."

In spelling we get a star if we get a hundred.

NELLIE MUSIAL. Are 10. NELLIE MUSIAL, Age 10.

900 Driops For Infants and Childs **Mothers** Know **Genuine Casteria** Always Bears the INTANTS CHILDRE Signature LOSS OF SLEEP Clat H. Thitelies THE GENTAUR GOMPARE. NEW YORK. 35 Doses 35 CENT Exact Copy of Wrapper

> DR. C. R. CHAMBERLAIN Dental Surgeon

Dear Uncle Jed: I will tell you what have learned at school. I have

arned in arithmetic how to do di

vision examples.

chool.

I am in the Fourth grade My sister knows how to skate.

I study drawing, reading, penmanship, spelling, physiology, geography and history.

HAZEL, McDANIELS, Age 9.

Mansfield.

Mansfield Center.

Dear Uncle Jed: I am going to tell ou about the narrow escape a norse

I buy candy to bring home for my brothers and sisters, and when my father eats his lunch I sell the butter, cheese, eggs and cream. I give him the money.

When my little brother, who is but seven years of age, and I go home, we bring the packages into the canal sisters and the canal sisters and the canal sisters and the call to a seven years of age, and I go home, we bring the packages into the call sister had.

She left the horse in front of Mr. Manning's grain store, faced toward the railroad track. The horse was old and never ran away.

About five minutes after Phoebe went inside, the train came along. The noise scared the horse and he began to run.

Phoebe have to see what it was. She saw the horse running toward the railroad track. Seeing that the horse would get killed if he want any further, she got hold of the bridle and tried to hold him

Dear Uncle Jed: My cousin gave me a pair of skates for Christmas. . . go skating down on the pond which is south of our house. I like skating very much. I have a pair of roller skates, but I like ice-skating better.

My sister and I play with a big, black cat. He will let us rock him

opened.

I am in the Fifth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Johnson. I like her very much. She is nice to the chiriren. There are sixteen teachers and a principal at the school I go to. Last year I got the first prize in spelling. The prize was \$2.00. Miss-ing only one word in the whole year. Every year we have an exhibition

McGrory Building, Norwich, Conn.

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The Spitz is a domensticated jackal

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can really say that I feel like another person. No more swollen feet and limbs. No more bloating of the abdomen. No more shortness of breath. No more stiff and sore joints. You No more stiff and sore joints. You have no idea what your treatment has done for me, it certainly has grelonged my life and made a new woman of ms. O, such a blessing I have received through your kindness. Doctor, and the assistance of the medicine which you so kindly prescribed. I am able to work since I began your treatment, but before I was not able to help myssif, much less work for any one else. All praise is due to your medical department and treatment."

Those who object to liquid medi-

Help